

TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1919

## Glenn Hammond Curtiss, Designer of NC's,

### FORECASTS

Regular Trips to Europe;  
Air Flivvers for Families;  
Balloon Boarding Houses.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

AMERICA has crossed the Atlantic by air. What will be the next great flight?

What is the future of flying?

Will the day come when every man who now owns an automobile will own an aeroplane?

Shall we have aerial buses, aerial transcontinental trains, aerial grocery wagons?

Will women learn to be chauffeurs of the air?

Will flying ever be as safe as motoring—or safer?

Shall we abandon other methods of travel in favor of air conveyances and air routes?

Shall we have house planes as we now have house boats?

What, if any, are the limits to man's mastery of the air, the third element on which he has learned to move?

To Glenn Hammond Curtiss, inventor of the hydroaeroplane, the man who put the "C" in the NC-4 and its conquest of the Atlantic, I put these questions, which to all of us are fascinating speculations but to him are problems he can discuss with understanding and authority.

Naturally, however, when I met the slender, quiet-voiced, blue-eyed inventor-aviator—he himself has won many a prize for flying—in his beautiful, white-pillared house at Nassau Boulevard, I first congratulated him on the achievement of his world-famous flying boat, just a few hours earlier brought safely into Plymouth, England, by Lieut. Commander A. C. Read of the United States Navy. Now Plymouth will be on the map for another reason besides the Pilgrim Fathers.

"I am proud of the NC-4," he admitted, almost diffidently, "although I know she could fly across the Atlantic, a leg at a time, when I turned over the designs to the navy a year ago. Of course, then we thought the NC planes would be used on the other side for submarine warfare, and because tonnage was so scarce we wanted them to be fit to get across under their own power instead of taking up ship room.

"The NC-4, however, has gone ahead of all our expectations, and besides setting a record in crossing the Atlantic she has proved a very important point for the future of flying. She has shown she can carry 12 pounds to the square foot and that the larger the plane the more weight proportionately she can carry. The run of planes smaller than the NC-4 has averaged only 8 or 10 pounds of weight to the square foot.

"We used to think we must keep our planes small, and that after we reached a certain size their carrying efficiency would diminish. Now we know just the opposite is true, and we shall build our planes larger and larger. You see what this means for the practical future of flying, for the utilization of this means of transportation for large numbers of passengers and large amounts of freight."

To my question, "What will be the very next thing in aviation?" Mr. Curtiss prophesied the non-stop flight across the Atlantic, and disclosed the fact that he has worked out the design of a non-stop hydroplane larger than any of the NC's now in existence.

"I think, however," he added, "that the non-stop flight, after it has been done a few times, will be abandoned in favor of a regular trans-oceanic route from the United States to the Azores and from the Azores to Europe. A plane large enough to carry passengers and freight would need to take so much fuel to go across the Atlantic without stopping. The space might better be utilized for more passengers or more freight.

"When the Secretary of the Navy prophesied a regular trans-oceanic passenger plane service next year, he was hurrying the time, in my opinion. Remember, that after the discovery of the steamship it was fifty years before a regular schedule across the ocean was laid down. However, things move more quickly to-day. In five or ten years, I should say, we shall be carrying passengers to Europe regularly through the air. A two-day trip would do it comfortably—two days and a night. The first day a very large plane would carry all the passengers to the Azores. They would stay there overnight; then in the morning many small planes would be waiting to carry them to their different destinations—England, France, Spain, Italy or any country where they desired to go."

For trans-oceanic service Mr. Curtiss frankly believes the hydroplane will be found most desirable. "We must never forget there will be water underneath," he said. "Sometimes it will be rough water, but there always will be sheltered harbors where the planes could take refuge. I think—don't you?"

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1919

## Milk Bars for Babies, London's Way of Using Its Vacant Saloons

Child Welfare Centres, Outgrowth of Wartime Conditions, Look After Baby Until He Goes to School, Then School Authorities Become Responsible for His Health—Dental and Medical Clinics Aid.

Beatrice Barmby, who has had long experience in the business world, both in London and New York, and is author of "Betty Marchand," a novel telling the business career of a young woman, is now revisiting London and is writing for The Evening World a series of articles on post war conditions for women workers. This is the second article.

By Beatrice Barmby

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

AS the war seriously affected the physique of the new generation of English children?

I put the question to a woman who has worked all through the war in a Child's Welfare Station in the second largest city in England.

"No," she answered thoughtfully, "I don't think they are any the worse, in spite of the shortage of sugar and fats and the scarcity of milk. You see the average mother has had a definite amount to spend on the children's food; there has been no chance of a sudden decrease through a fit of drunkenness on the man's part, because he has been away at the front. Then many of the mothers have been earning high wages at munition centres, while the soldiers' wives have been well looked after by the volunteer worker. This has favorably affected child life. The school teachers tell me that many of the children have been bringing fruit to school—an indication that some of the high wages has been spent in the right direction."

Her opinion tallied with my own observation of the children's sturdy figures, their glowing red cheeks and bare knees. Perhaps it is the red cheeks which give them a more robust appearance than that of the American child. On a day in early May which was cold enough to make me welcome my heavy coat I watched them on the shore of this seaside place, which is within sight of a large city. On one sand castle I saw the well bred face of a college boy, budge on cap, immaculate white 'Eton' collar at his neck. Next to him were three ragged, capless urchins—having the better time too I should judge—whose bare feet were hardened by the pavement of the nearby city. For the firm yellow miles of sand are free to

every one. No splendid estates with their private beaches reach to the water's edge, like at beautiful Greenwich; no bathing house proprietors have been allowed to erect substantial palaces which block the beach except to the opening key of money. The poorest mite in the city has but to possess himself of 3 cents, for which he can cross the ferry, and then for some magic hours he is on a par with the son of the millionaire. Along the beach are a few steel structures which are covered with canvas, and in these he can undress without any one saying him nay. Then he has the water or the sand, and he runs gleefully over the pebbles which lay along the edge, disdaining the care of "the cove with a 'at' whose feet are more tender.

Child welfare in England has become a matter of state interest. Within one year of the beginning of the war, Treasury grants in aid of the care of child life had become an accomplished fact, stimulating municipal activity and voluntary effort throughout the country, effort which has finally established the long desired Ministry of Health. Under this bill various consultative councils are to be set up, and the Viscountess Rhonda—whose name is so familiar to Americans as the daughter of the late British Food Controller—is even now working for one such council to be composed entirely of women, its Chairman to have direct access to the Minister. As she most rightly says, "women are responsible for the health of their children, and therefore for the health of the nation."

The public conscience is daily accepting a keener responsibility toward its child-life. A few days before the outbreak of the war there was formally opened the newest and largest hospital in England for the treatment of surgical tuberculosis, a disease existing to an alarming extent among the children of the poor, and resulting in unnecessary deformity and mortality. This splendid institution was the outcome of state aid and voluntary enterprise, and in spite of the difficulties of wartime—lack of nurses and doctors, and scarcity of funds—it has carried on its work so successfully that 80 per cent. of the children admitted have been discharged as cured.

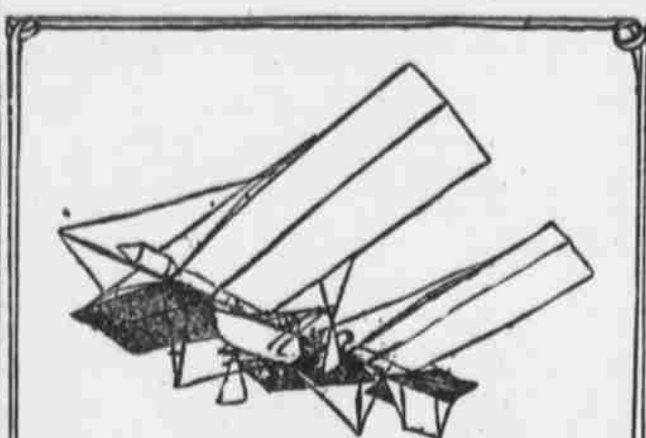
And here finally is a suggestion for American enterprise. In a narrow street in London there is a prim little house, dawning with whitewash, which was once a saloon. It is still a saloon—but for the convenience and refreshment of Mr. Baby. Over the bar baby's favorite drinks will be sold, including condensed and dried milk. Furthermore the centre has been fitted up with funds supplied by the American Red Cross, and makes the third centre in the borough, which bids fair to be a model in connection with mother and child welfare. It works in conjunction with the London County Council, the Local Government Board, the London Hospital and local midwives. Such centres look after the baby until he goes to school, then his case papers are passed on to the school authorities, who are then responsible for his health. They have an ante-natal, a dental and a minor ailments' clinic, so that at any rate in this particular borough baby would seem to have a very fair chance of reaching a ripe old age.

Now that Prohibition will soon be an accomplished fact in American history, why not use some of the vacant saloons for the health and convenience of Mr. Baby? They have done it in London, they might do it in New York, and there would seem to be kind of poetic justice in the fact that the place which previous to the war was of so much of the joy of the now minister to his own

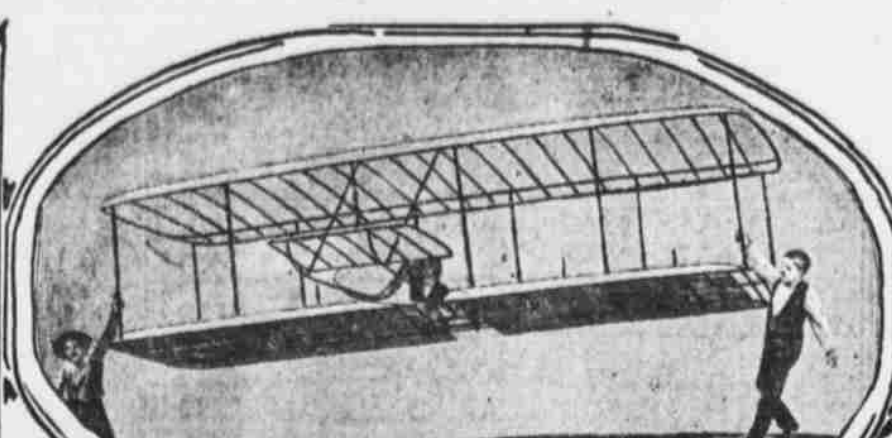
## Development of the Airplane in America

### From Ill-Fated Langley Machine to NC Class

Langley Machine, Built in 1903, Was Flown Eleven Years Later—Wright Brothers "Gilded" in 1900; Flew 24 Miles Under Power in 1905—Curtiss Flew From Albany to New York in 1910, Rose From Water in 1911 and in 1912 Designed First "Flying Boat."



FATHER OF AMERICAN AIRPLANES BUILT BY LANGLEY IN 1903. PROVED THEORETICALLY PRACTICAL BY CURTISS WHO FLEW IT IN 1915



WRIGHT BROTHERS' FIRST GLIDER, 1903



ORVILLE WRIGHT



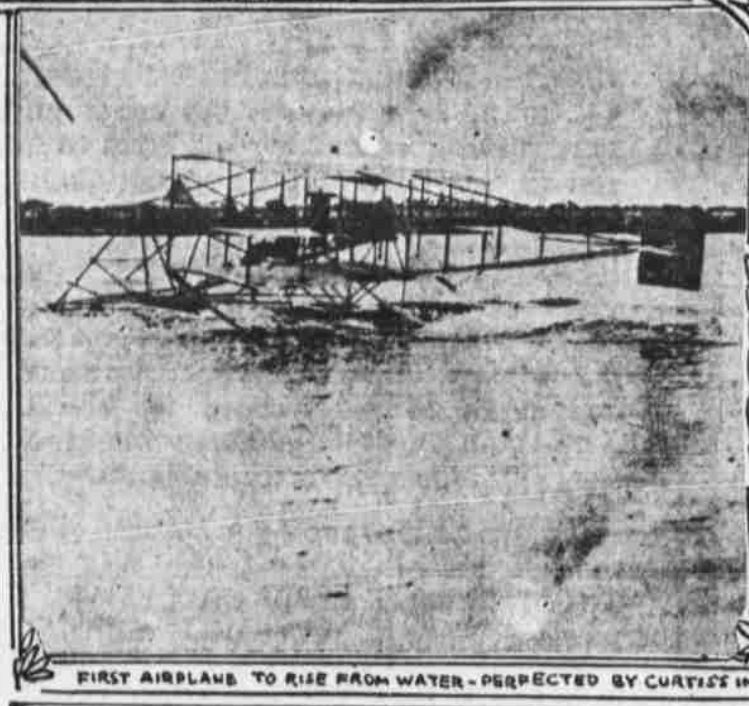
WILBUR WRIGHT



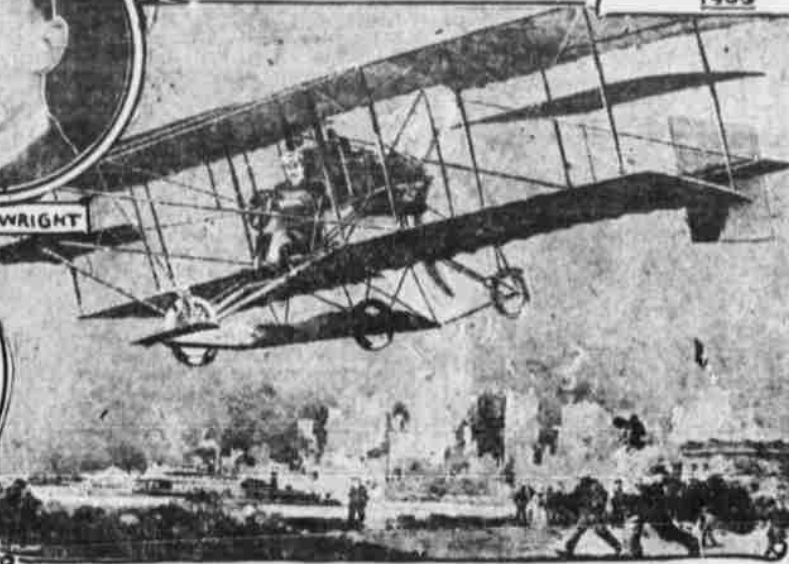
GLENN H. CURTISS



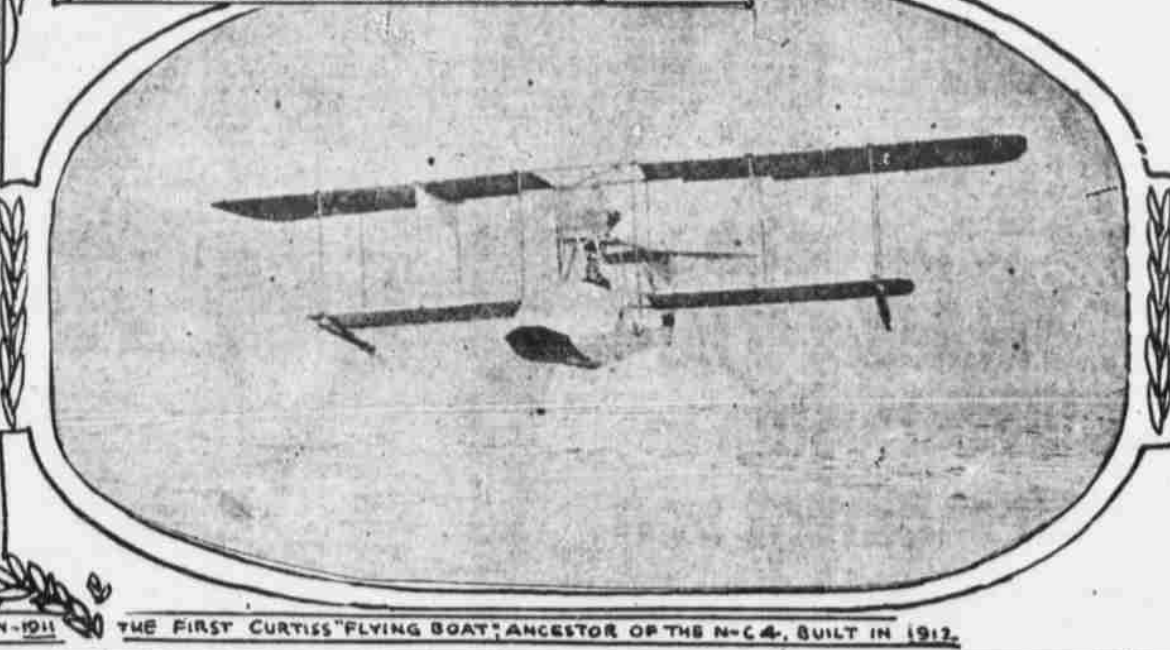
TYPE OF WRIGHT BROTHERS' BIPLANE MOTOR-DRIVEN AIRPLANE IN WHICH THEY FLEW 24 MILES IN 1905



FIRST AIRPLANE TO RISE FROM WATER—PERFECTED BY CURTISS IN 1911



THE AIRPLANE IN WHICH CURTISS FOLLOWED THE HUDSON FROM ALBANY TO GOVERNORS ISLAND IN 1910



THE FIRST CURTISS "FLYING BOAT," ANCESTOR OF THE NC-4, BUILT IN 1912

them at our factory in a year. And the engine would be as safe as the engine in the larger machines. It isn't the initial cost of the family flying machines."

"It's the upkeep," I punned wick-

edly. "Father, it's the upkeep," smiled Mr. Curtiss. "A flying machine cannot be kept in a 20-foot-square garage. The wings are bulky things to find space for. Then, again, where could the individual owner land, at present? He would need more space than a city roof or his own small suburban lawn."

"However, we all can remember when every one considered the automobile the rich man's toy. The popular flying plane can be built, and if there is a real demand for it arrangements for landing and storing it will be worked out."

"Can women run it?" I asked, thinking of the suburban woman who usually serves as the family chauffeur nine-tenths of the time. "There is no reason why she shouldn't," promised Mr. Curtiss. "Ruth Law and Katherine Stinson certainly have made good as pilots. Running an airplane requires no more physical strength than the average woman possesses. In fact, it is easier and simpler work than running an automobile."

The scarcity of places to land and the amount of room needed for storing planes will make their use as grocery and delivery wagons and as jitney buses about the last thing we do with them, he thinks. "They are economical for long hauls, but not yet for short hauls," he says. And

just as we keep on using the car, although you have the railroad, he believes we shall not scrap our poor old railroads when we all can travel by air. "They will bear the same relation to planes that canals bear to trains," he prophesied.

Another possible development of life in the air, in his opinion, is the development of stationary gas balloons into air house-boats and cool, airy summer boarding houses. "Only they must be safely moored," he warns smilingly.

"Is there any limit," I asked finally, "to man's conquest of the air?"

"I think there are fewer limits to aerial transportation," he said, with seriousness, "than to our progress by any other medium. Some day, undoubtedly, men will be flying around the world. Before that, however, I think we shall have what interests me most of all—the transmission of power by wireless from huge power stations on the earth, the power, perhaps, generated by water, to planes in the air. That would eliminate the problem of fuel and increase enormously the carrying space and practical usefulness of the flying machines. It would save so much waste!" There spoke the scientist.

And then we all, like Shakespeare's puck, might "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

**BIG DEMAND FOR AMMONIA IN JAPAN.**

The supply in Japan of sulphate of ammonia does not meet the demand, and it is thought that this commodity will again have to be imported. Before the war the annual imports amounted to 110,000 tons, valued at \$7,000,000.

## Ignorant Essays

### CHOP SUEY

The Mystery of Chop Suey Isn't All in Its Surroundings or in the People Who Eat It—The Mystery Is in Them Only After They Eat It—What Is in Chop Suey Only the Waiter Knows, and He Can Only Sing It—So Much for the Prologue—Now Go On With the Story.

By J. P. McEvoy.

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

FROM the dawn of history the Chinese have been famous for the ingenuity of their exquisite, diabolical tortures. Their masterpiece is Chop Suey.

It might also be called the Yellow Peril. Likewise it is the original Marked Marvel.

Once an Aryan sage announced that he had discovered the ingredients of Chop Suey, but a committee of pale-browed alienists investigated and found that not only was there nobody home but there were no accommodations up there for them, so the sage was removed to an up-hoistered room, where he now chases his thumb as a life-long guest of the state.

Many people eat Chop Suey, although there is no law com-

PELLING them to do so. This is one of the impenetrable mysteries of life.

Chop Suey is served at tables which have a road clearance like Jess Willard's. The chairs also are as comfortable as the spine of a discouraged horse. The bowl in which Chop Suey is served is large and blue, and the waiter is a light roan with a straight black mane. He is very inscrutable but not nearly so much so as the Chop Suey. For inscrutability Chop Suey makes the Sphinx look like Charlie Chaplin.

Chinese waiters are very quiet except when they talk. Then they sound like corn shellers or chambermaids eating Swedish Health Bread to the accompaniment of a cracked record. It is

pleasantly reminiscent of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. And infinitely more intelligible than any Fourth of July oration.

One is served tea with Chop Suey and it comes in a little pot modelled after the pagoda Rhoda ran.

Comes also a bottle of brunette liquid which smells like wash day.

You are told to squirt this over the Chop Suey. You do.

There isn't any answer. Chop Suey is cheap. This is as it should be. If it were expensive it would be fashionable and then everybody would have to eat it.

Chop Suey is not the great ghastly game of China. They know what goes in it.